

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Establishing shot of the town, the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the bees are trying to have sex with them.

The camera then cuts to a shot down the road, the camera positioned over the left pavement. SAMWELL jumps in from the right as the happy music kicks in and he skips gaily down the road, the camera panning backwards before him. Denizens of the town offer greetings and he returns them with a smile and a wave, his arms rising and falling merrily.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Shot looking at the closed front door, the inside of the house is bathed in darkness. The happy music cuts out abruptly and is replaced by a mournful and desolate wind blowing through the house. The doorknob turns and the door swings open, revealing Samwell, whose happy expression melts away. The camera cuts to behind him, and pans sideways over the empty room, filled with wrecked furniture and the like.

SAMWELL

Honey, I'm home!

There is no answer.

SAMWELL (CONT'D)

Honey?

Again, nothing. Samwell walks off to the corridor on the right, and camera panning to watch him. The camera then pans over to the left, where he emerged from the left corridor.

SAMWELL (CONT'D)

They've been kidnapped! But who?!

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)

's the Mafia what done it.

Samwell turns to the side and the camera goes with him, revealing his NEIGHBOUR, standing by the window.

NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)

Oh, you weren't talking to me.

Well, I'll be on my way.

The Neighbour walks off to the side, then Samwell turns to the camera, which turns to him.

SAMWELL

The Mafia? I used to BE the Mafia!

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The shot fades to one of Samwell's face, beaten and bloodied. The camera cuts to look up at a menacing looking MOBSTER, brandishing a pistol.

MOBSTER

Jimmy the Squealer says yous a rat.

SAMWELL

It's not true! Not none of it!

MOBSTER

Aha, a double negative, a sure sign of a rat!

SAMWELL

I swears it, it ain't. Is there any way I can prove it to you?!

The Mobster pauses.

MOBSTER

There is... one way.

The Mobster reaches out and messes up Samwell's fringe. Samwell looks aghast, then begins shaking uncontrollably until it is too much for him and he rearranges it.

MOBSTER (CONT'D)

I knew it, a dirty, stikin', filthy rat.

The Mobster raises his gun and Samwell cowers. A gunshot, and the screen flashes white.

SAMWELL (V.O.)

Luckily, the sheer density of my fringe stopped the bullet, but I played dead and escaped.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The camera fades back, looking at Samwell's pained visage.

SAMWELL

Dammit the Mafia, this time you have gone too far! I will defeat you, and rescue my family!

Samwell turns back on himself and runs out of the house, slamming the door shut on the camera behind him.

EXT. DODGY BAR - EVENING

Establishing shot of the bar, the rain beating heavily. A couple people mingle outside.

SAMWELL (V.O.)

I looked around for my family's kidnappers, but I discovered that the only way to get to the mob boss was through this: the underground fringe-messing circuit.

INT. DODGY BAR - EVENING

*Deer Hunter*-style, Samwell and an opponent are sat opposite each other, a gang of raucous spectators clamouring around them for a better view. Both have messed fringes and are straining painfully. Finally, Samwell fixes his in an explosion of movement as a cheer goes up from the crowd. Samwell barges his way out of the bar, weeping.

EXT. DODGY BAR - EVENING

Samwell runs out into the rain and collapses on the floor.

SAMWELL (SUBTITLE)

[Weeping intensifies]

Samwell eventually leaves the foetal position and lays spread on his back, looking up into the rain.

SAMWELL (V.O.)

I was clearly not cut out for the underground fringe-messing circuit. I vowed then and there that I would miss my family but that there was really nothing I could do for them.

MOBSTER (O.S.)

Hey you!

Samwell turns to look at the Mobster, and the camera goes with him. The Mobster stands over him with a baseball bat in one hand, hitting it into the other.

MOBSTER (CONT'D)

I thought I recognised you, you ol' rat bastard. Ol' Benvolio never forgets a face.

The Mobster wails on Samwell with the baseball bat. All seems lost, when suddenly the Mobster is taken out by a flying kick from the side. Samwell's saviour stands with his back to Samwell and the camera as he and the Mobster square off against each other.

The camera rotates back to look at Samwell's stunned expressions as the sounds of incredibly violence are played. The camera then rotates back just in time to catch his saviour snapping the Mobster over his knee. The man turns to Samwell and offers him a hand up, which Samwell takes. As he brushes himself off, he looks at the stranger.

SAMWELL

Yeah, I get that a lot, people getting jealous of my muscles and such. Thanks for helping me out, who are you?

The man steps forward into the light.

MENTOR

I'm here to help you rescue your family.

The camera looks at Samwell as a smile cracks across his mouth.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Samwell sits in front of the mirror, the camera over his shoulder (as much as possible). The Mentor stands behind him, holding a stopwatch in front of his face. Samwell gulps, then messes up his fringe. The timer starts, and almost as soon as it began, it's over. Samwell fixes his fringe and lets out a gasp. The Mentor sighs.

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

The Mentor stands to the side as Samwell does press-ups, messing up his fringe each time he reaches the top, whilst Samwell fixes the fringe each time he reaches the bottom. The Mentor sighs.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Samwell sits in pain as the Mentor blows a hair dryer at him from the wrong side. Finally he lashes out and storms off. The Mentor sighs.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Samwell has had his fringe held the wrong way by a mess of tape and sticks. He strains like a man prolapsing. Finally he tears it all out and storms off again. The Mentor sighs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A repeat of the previous bathroom scene, but this time Samwell lasts a few seconds. The Mentor is pleasantly surprised.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Samwell does press-ups again, but this time with the Mentor straddling him and pulling his fringe up.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Repeat of last time, but now Samwell sits with a zen peacefulness. The Mentor is pleased.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A repeat, but now Samwell lasts about thirty seconds. The Mentor smiles fatheringly.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

The Mentor sits next to Samwell, who is wearing the fringe-pulling contraption.

SAMWELL

Tell me mentor, why are you doing  
all this for me?

The Mentor sighs, it's clear that this is going to be a painful story riddled with pathos and emotions. The camera stays on him for this whole monologue, slowly zooming in.

MENTOR

I used to be like you, son. I used to have the whole thing, the wife, a boy and a girl. One day, my daughter and son were playing in the next room when I hear a scream and a thunk. I rush in to see my daughter laying on her back in a pool of blood, a carving knife sticking out of her chest. My son was say beside her, repairing his fringe. He told me it had been an accident, that she had fallen on the knife, but I knew what had really happened. Eventually, I put it to the back of my mind; I'd preferred the son anyway. Then, one day, I walk into my son's room to find him dead on his bed.

(MORE)

MENTOR (CONT'D)

He'd gone to flick his fringe, but accidentally flicked to hard and scalped himself. I was distraught, but not like my wife. She killed herself a couple days later. I was left alone, wandering the lonely world. Then I found on about this fringe-messing ring. I thought I could go, maybe get some fringe-based closure. Then I see you, and I knew then and there that you needed my help, lest you end up like my son.

The camera cuts to Samwell's face as he stares at the Mentor.

SAMWELL

Mentor, I...I'm sorry.

MENTOR

It wasn't your fault, son. It was the fault of a foolish old man, who couldn't tell what a danger fringes posed until it was too damn late. You only need to do one thing for me, boy: make an old man proud.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Samwell does press-ups again, but one-handed, his other hand holding his fringe back. He switches hands on each press-up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Samwell sits in the foamy bath, the Mentor sitting behind him and lovingly shampooing his hair.

EXT. STAIRS - DAY

Samwell and the Mentor stand at the bottom of a large flight of steps. Samwell nods to the Mentor and the Mentor nods back, then Samwell messes up his fringe and the Mentor starts the stopwatch. The two run up the stairs until Samwell reaches the top and fixes his fringe. The Mentor shows him the stopwatch: one minute. The two cheer and hug.

INT. DODGY BAR - NIGHT

Samwell is competing again. He easily beats an opponent, and then another, and then another, the final one bursting a vein and bleeding out on the floor due to the strain.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

The Mentor opens the front door and steps in. A strange sound is drifting through the house. The Mentor steps cautiously towards the source: the bathroom door. He pauses, and then wrenches open the bathroom door. Samwell stands before the mirror, his back to the door, slapping his fringe to and fro. Slowly, he stops. He turns around, suddenly aware of the shameful act he has been caught in. The camera rotates to show the Mentor's betrayed expression, then rotates back to Samwell. He opens his mouth to speak, but the Mentor silences him by turning and walking out, the camera following him, and slamming the door behind him. The camera turns to Samwell, who is standing dejectedly in the middle of the room.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Samwell sits alone.

SAMWELL

I don't even need that guy, he's taught me all I need, I can get back my family without him! It's not like I was even doing anything wrong, he totally overreacted.

INT. DODGY BAR - NIGHT

Samwell competes again. He wins, but only narrowly. After he has won, he rushes outside into the rain and pants heavily.

SAMWELL

Jesus, that was a tough one. I need my Mentor after all. It's okay, I'll just go home and give him a ring, apologise for being an arsehole.

Samwell rushes off home.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Samwell arrives at his front door, and picks up a newspaper that was laying beside the door.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Samwell walks through the front door and goes over to the table. He sits down and opens up the newspaper. He reads and then gasps. The camera cuts to a view of an obituary.

OBITUARY (SUBTITLE)

(name covered by Samwell's thumb),  
mentor, was found dead today.

(MORE)

## OBITUARY (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

The cause of death: cancer and betrayal.

A tear falls past the camera and onto the "cancer and", making it fall away, leaving only "Cause of death: betrayal". A couple more tears fall around it. The camera cuts to Samwell's face with tears running down it, the shot now black and white. His face is then replaced by a model with a hose in the tear duct which sprays tears everywhere. It then returns to Samwell, who looks directly into the camera.

SAMWELL

(Whispers)

Rosebud.

## EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

It is a sad night, and Samwell walks mournfully down the road. A sad song about betrayal plays as the shot cuts between him walking and a close-up of his weepy face.

## EXT. DODGY BAR - NIGHT

It's the bar again, still raining.

SAMWELL (V.O.)

This was it, the day of my big fight with the mob boss. Mentor of no, I had to do my best.

## INT. DODGY BAR - NIGHT

Samwell and the MOB BOSS seem evenly matched, both straining their little hearts out. Suddenly Samwell takes a turn for the worst.

SAMWELL

No, no I can't! I can never win without my mentor!

Slowly, his arm reaches up to the fringe. The camera pulls in close to the offending limb. Then, another hand grabs his wrist from above! The camera turns to show the Mentor, now a ghost, grabbing Samwell and smiling warmly from heaven.

SAMWELL (CONT'D)

M-m-mentor? But I killed you with betrayal!

The Mentor chuckles.

MENTOR

That doesn't matter, son, it was mostly the cancer that did it.

(MORE)



MENTOR (CONT'D)

All that matters is that I believe  
in you!

SAMWELL

Mentor!

Samwell puts his hand back down and regains the offensive on the Mob Boss. The Mob Boss shrinks down before this renewed onslaught, and before long fixes his fringe. There is silence in the bar, the other mobsters looking uncertainly around. One of them addresses Samwell.

MOB GUY

You beat the boss. By the laws of  
our people, you are now the mob  
boss. Should we kill him?

The camera turns to Samwell, who has achieved Enlightenment. His fringe is still messy. He stares, before realising what has been said.

SAMWELL

No. No, my child. The days of  
killing are done. Come, all of you,  
let me teach you the ways of  
Buddhism.

The mobsters look at each other, then tear their suits off, revealing Buddhist robes underneath them.

MOB GUY

It is the prophesied one, who would  
release us from the slavery of the  
Mafia and return us to our original  
Buddhist monk ways! Hail the chosen  
one!

The monks get to their knees and begin praying to Samwell as the camera pans back from the scene.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Samwell sits in a dojo, cross-legged, facing a group of eager students.

SUBTITLE

10 years later

Samwell is at peace, his fringe still untouched. One STUDENT gets up and walks towards the window.

STUDENT

It's sweltering in here sensei,  
lemme just open a window...

The window lets in a gust of wind, which blows Samwell's fringe back to normal.

He remains with his eyes closed for a few seconds, before opening them confused. He feels for his fringe.

SAMWELL  
Nooooooooooooo!

The camera pulls back slowly.

SUBTITLE  
Samwell forgot to rescue his  
family, and they starved to death  
in the Mafia prison.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)  
THE END